

# Nana Mouskouri, Johnny

When I think of Johnny  
I remember the spring  
I remember his laughter  
And the way he would sing

R  
Oh! How I loved Johnny  
With my heart  
I loved Johnny  
Oh! How I loved Johnny  
But he never knew

I prayed that he'd travel  
Through the winter's wild storm  
And he'd kiss me  
And hold me  
So close and so warm

He left with leaves falling  
Falling dead to the ground  
And no more will I ever  
Hear his sweet laughing sound

But he never knew  
But he never knew  
But he never knew